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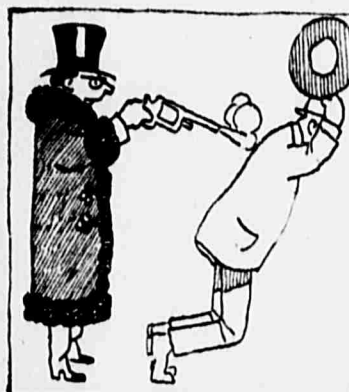
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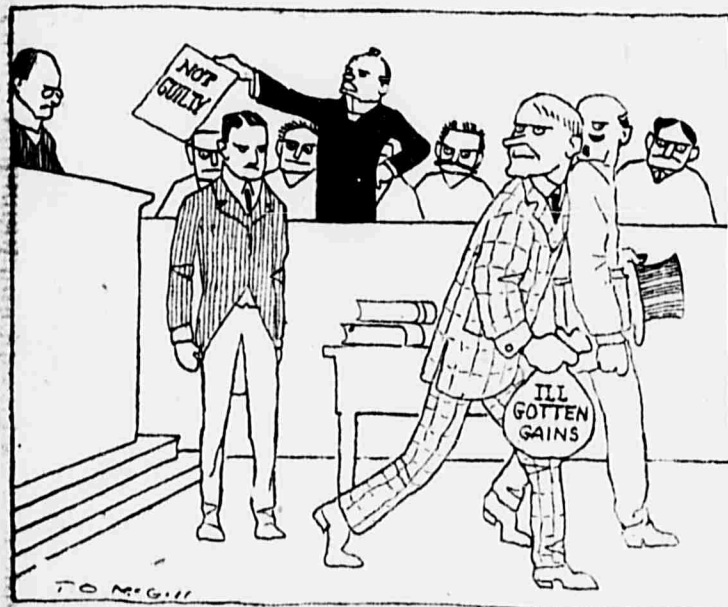
THE SAFEST OF CRIMES



All crimes murder is the safest. Of the 10,000 annual murderers in the United States hardly one per cent. are punished by execution and less than ten per cent. by imprisonment.

If the killings were included the percentage of punishment would be almost nothing. The railroads of Greater New York alone killed last year 414 persons, besides breaking 156 skulls and causing the amputation of 62 limbs. The killings from railroad, factory and other accidents were greater in the past four years than the deaths from gunshot wounds in the four years of the civil war on both the Union and Confederate sides. Included in the murder class are only those killings where there was an intention to kill and the use of a deadly weapon or poison for that purpose.

Juries will convict a pickpocket or burglar with little hesitation. Even a criminal of high finance is likely to be convicted if his case is once honestly presented to a jury. The failure to convict the big insurance and traction criminals of New York has not been because juries acquitted them but because juries have had no opportunity to convict them. The Brooklyn Jenkins case is one of the rare exceptions where a district-attorney has faithfully prosecuted a man who caused a bank failure and the jury did not bring in a verdict of guilty.



In France and Germany combined there are only twelve per cent. as many murders as in the United States.

But there are more convictions. In Germany nine murderers out of ten are convicted. In France two out of three. In England more than half, and even in Italy, which has the highest murder record in Europe, 3,606, the convictions were 2,805.

To what is the safety of murder due? There is talk of the "unwritten law." In the judicial sense there can be no law that is not found in printed words on the statute books. If law is an abstract proposition instead of a concrete thing the moral law should at least take precedence of the "unwritten law."

The commandment "Thou shalt not kill" makes no distinction in degrees of murder or punishment. It has no loophole. Its clearness permits no hypothetical question.

So far as the Hains and the Thaw cases are concerned, they are only two out of thousands. It is not the purpose of this presentation of facts to single out any case but simply to call attention to the shameful condition of things in the United States when the safest of all crimes is to kill a human being.



Letters From the People

Apply to Your Congressman.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I wish to enter the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. Where should I apply to find out the requirements?

Apply to your Congressman or to Superintendent of Naval Academy, Annapolis. For information about the Academy see World Almanac.

Hope for Bad Boys.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I have read several letters regarding bad boys, but that's nothing new. The average bad boy usually turns out to be a good man. I would call them mischievous rather than bad, because the usual bad boy is only strenuous and as a rule grows strong and healthy from his strenuousness. The weakling usually smokes cigarettes, which is the beginning of demoralization. My wife has four children—girls. I certainly have often wished that two of them were boys, though my wages are only \$17 a week.

Up-to-Date Children.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Children's manners daily grow worse. When I was a youngster (forty-five years ago and more) children were treated sternly and were kept too quiet and too much repressed. Now the pendulum has swung too far the other way. Parents, remembering their own strait-laced childhood, want their children to have a better time. So they go too far to the other extreme, with the result that the average child of to-day is an insufferably ill-mannered, undisciplined brat. What wise parent can suggest a gentle cure? A GRANDMOTHER.

Not Chivalry but Humanity.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Last night a badly crippled man shut and aboard an uptown subway express.

Not a man rose to give him a seat, though all could see he was unfit to stand. While I'm not greatly interested in all this talk about "men giving women their seats," yet I admit I was surprised and disgusted to see a lot of husky, well men sit still and let that distorted cripple stand up. That is not a question of old-fashioned chivalry, but of humanity and common decency. Are New Yorkers heartless as well as rude? I wish other readers would write their ideas on this queer state of affairs.

THE FORMER IS CORRECT.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
When you have put a picture on the wall, which is the correct expression: "I hung it on the wall," or "I hanged it on the wall?" J. J. G.

Beautiful Snow (?)
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Snow, snow, beautiful snow, shiny and sticky and soft as dough! Clogging your feet wherever you go; Making walks slippery, laying you low; Dirty and murky, black as a crow, When it's late for one day on our town, below.

CAUSING WET FEET AND PNEUMONIA AND GRIPPE AND A WORLD OF WOE! I don't care how soon you pick up and go.

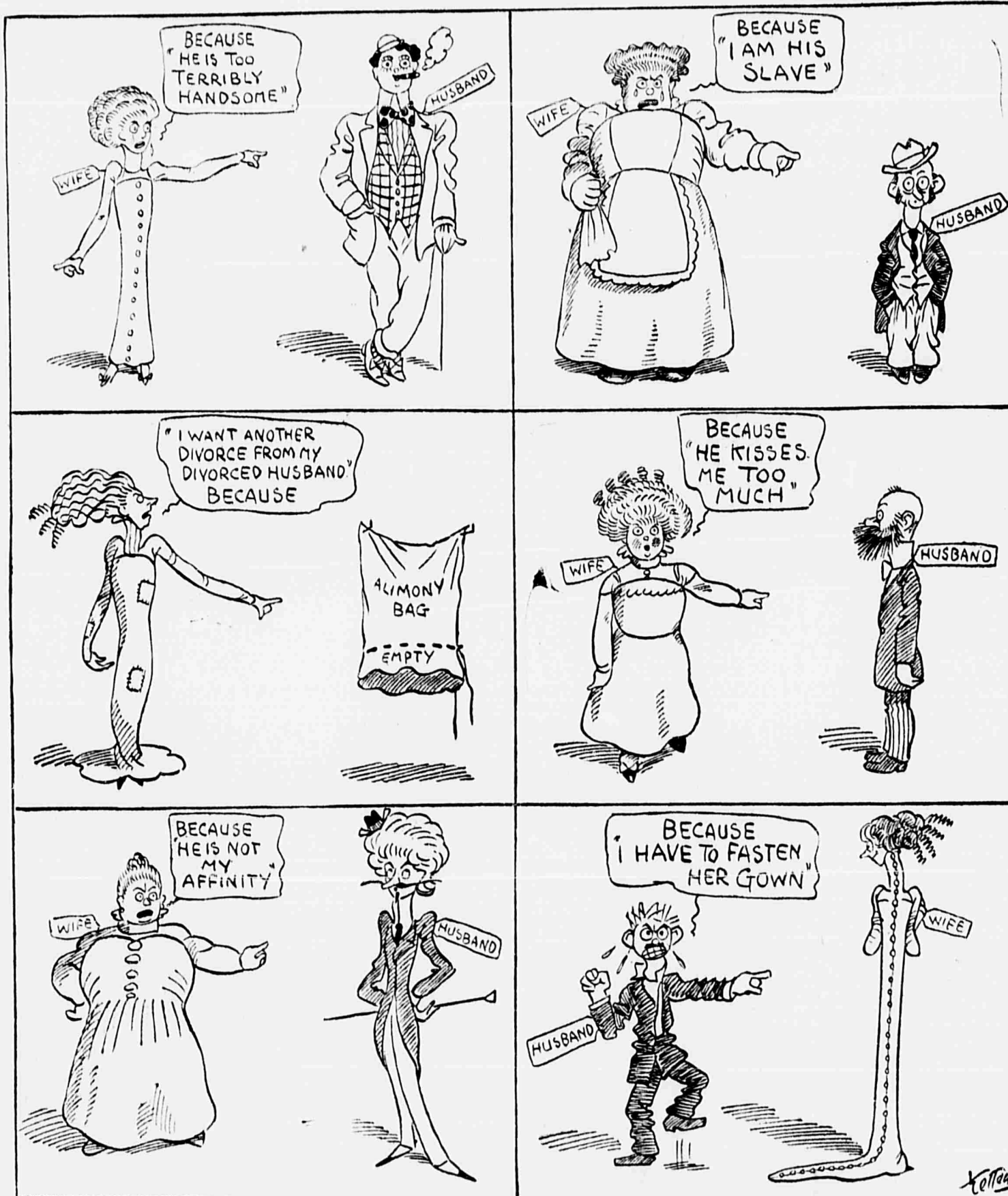
You slushy, slithery, beautiful snow! NEAR-POET.

A Walking Record.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In one day I walked fifty-three and one-third miles over Greater New York roads in twelve hours and fifty-one minutes, starting at 5 A. M. and finishing at 5:31 P. M., without stopping. It is an average of over four miles an hour. I am twenty-two and would like to hear if other readers can equal this walk.

VICTOR DURUSSEL.

Why Divorce? Because!

By Maurice Ketten.



Mr. Jarr Consents to Go High-Browsing With Mrs. Jarr; And Listens to a Paper on "Why Women Will NOT Wed."

By Roy L. McCardell.



"Now you have got to come," said Mrs. Jarr, "you never want to go anywhere with me."

"Well, you never want to go anywhere with me," said Mr. Jarr.

"I never want to go to your horrid old Gus's saloon, or your old bowling clubs, with fat men in their shirtsleeves smoking horrible smelling cigars, and chink just and noise and getting for the drinks and racking with laughter at vulgar stories and"

to take me to?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"It's our new club, 'The Concordance of Practical Ethics,' Miss Binder, of Boston, has gotten it up, and no one unless she be of assured social position is asked to join. Mrs. Stryver, who is so crazy to get into society that she'd shovel a ton of coal from the sidewalk to the cellar if she read of anybody in the 40 doing it for a lark—Mrs. Stryver is giving her parlors and will serve even a grander luncheon—champagne, game parties, everything exquisite—than she did when Dr. Smerk gave a reading on 'The Physician's Advocacy of the Simple Life'—don't you remember the night the house was decorated so beautifully with cut flowers—must have cost those Stryvers thousands of dollars for the flowers alone, and Dr. Smerk ate all the pate de foie gras?"

"Well, what have I got to go high-browsing with you for?" asked Mr. Jarr, plaintively.

"Because other women's husbands go, because I want you to go, and because—"

"Oh, I'll go, I'll go!" said Mr. Jarr, and he hastened away to prepare for the sacrifice.

When the Jarrs arrived upon the festive scene it was surely scrumptious.

But carking care sat upon every brow. Men and women gloomed at each other as if all the world were but a place of doleful sighs.

"When's the shindig going to begin—am I to be handed a laugh?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Shush!" warned Mrs. Jarr, "this is educational and uplifting. Miss Binder is reading her paper on 'Why Women Will NOT Wed.' Miss Binder, a frigid and bespectacled young thing of fifty, read in part as follows:

"Why will you not wed, oh, modern maiden? Is it because no man has come into your life who can command your respect and confidence as well as your affection?"

"Or because barriers stand in the way? Poverty, ill health, prior claims?"

"Is it that ambition stands between you and making some man a helpmeet? Are you rejecting marriage because it may mean privation and care?"

"Has no man sufficiently attracted you to make you desire to give up a career, perhaps your artistic and literary ambitions? Has none sufficiently impressed you with an interest in his personality that convinces you you were happier did you spend the remainder

of your lifetime in his society?"

"Or is it, my sisters, that you do not marry because some duty seems paramount to the unselfish devotion you would give to make some perhaps unthinking, uncaring man happy forever?"

Here Mrs. Jarr nudged Mr. Jarr to indicate that this last was what she had done.

"Will the Woman Who Will Not Wed and that she has chosen wisely, and should this conviction sustain and brighten her hours of loneliness. If she have hours of loneliness?"

"And are some of my hearers rejecting matrimony because they have occupations that render them care free and independent?"

"What? I pause for a reply. What shall the answer be?"

A patter of gloves and murmurs of "How true!" "What an intellectual treat!" "Ah, her interpretation is extremely conclusive!" arose on all sides.

"But what is the answer?" asked Mr. Jarr in a whisper. "She simply asked questions herself."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Mrs. Jarr. "The reason she and other old maids don't marry is because nobody asks them." But if Mr. Jarr had said that!

Fifty American Soldiers of Fortune

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 40.—STEPHEN DECATUR.

STEPHEN DECATUR was an officer in the United States Navy. Yet his daring and the exploits he performed outside the line of strict official duty entitle him to a place among America's "soldiers of fortune."

Decatur was the son and namesake of a Commodore who fought gallantly in the American revolution. From childhood Stephen loved the sea. While cruising with his father he learned everything about the sailing and construction of a ship. He could find no employment in the navy at so early an age. So he did the next best thing by studying the art of ship-building. When he was only seventeen he helped build the U. S. frigate United States, which he was one day to command. In 1798, when he was nineteen, he succeeded in obtaining a midshipman's commission on the same vessel. His naval career has begun.

The United States was at war with France. It was a petty war, but it gave Decatur his first chance. He aided in the capture of several French privateers in the West Indies; once by quick presence of mind saving the crew of a captured and sinking ship from death. He also jumped overboard in mid-ocean to rescue a lad who had been swept from the deck into the water. These and other feats endeared young Decatur to his fellow officers and made his name known at headquarters.

At twenty Decatur was a lieutenant. When in 1801 all the navy, except six ships, was disbanded, and 75 per cent. of the officers dismissed, Decatur was kept in the service. And he found speedy use for the naval lore he had acquired. For centuries the Barbary States (Tripoli, Algiers, Tunis, &c.) had supported themselves by piracy. Most nations (including the United States) paid them shameful tribute to win protection from the pirate ships. In May, 1801, the Pasha of Tripoli declared war on the United States, and began to seize American vessels that were cruising in the Mediterranean. Four Yankee warships were sent to Tripoli. Decatur went along as first lieutenant. During the war the U. S. man-of-war Philadelphia went aground on a reef in Tripoli harbor, and was captured by the Pasha. Decatur, who had already fought gallantly in several sea battles, volunteered to go by night into the harbor and destroy the Philadelphia.

He seized a Tripolitan vessel, named her Intrepid, and with a picked crew of about seventy young Americans, sailed boldly into the harbor on a moonlit night (Feb. 16, 1804). He steered straight for the Philadelphia, leaped aboard the captive frigate, at the head of his men, and swept the Tripolitan crew over the rail into the sea. He then set fire to the Philadelphia and, under the murderous fire of 44 cannon from the Tripoli forts, escaped in the Intrepid. In reward Decatur was promoted to a captain. No less a naval hero than the British Admiral Nelson, said of his exploit:

"It was the most daring act of the age!"

In August of the same year the United States squadron made a general attack on Tripoli. Decatur led a division of the little fleet. In a small gunboat he sailed against one of the largest of the enemy's frigates, sprang aboard, slew the Tripolitan commander in single fight, and captured the frigate. He assailed and took a second of the Pasha's warships the same day. Decatur, coming home in 1805, received a national welcome that would have turned the head of a lesser man.

When war was declared between England and America in 1812 he had become a commodore. In command of the United States (where he had once served as midshipman) he fought and captured the British frigate Macedonian. Two years later, while commanding the frigate President, he was attacked by four British warships. He put one of them out of action and fought against hopeless odds until one-fourth of his crew were gone and his decks were awash with blood. Then, to save the rest of his men, he surrendered.

Scarcely was the war of 1812 at an end when Decatur was sent against the Algerians, who had again been molesting our merchant ships. Decatur captured the Algerine admiral's flagship and a brig of war. Algerians sued for peace. Decatur next humbled his old enemy Tripoli, and did similar service at Tunis, having forever stamped out the horrible custom of piracy in the Barbary States. He received the thanks of Europe and was appointed United States Naval Commissioner.

Some time earlier Decatur had been member of a court-martial that suspended Commodore Barron from the navy. Barron thought Decatur's influence was still against him. A quarrel followed, and Barron challenged Decatur to a duel. They met on the famous sand-bagging ground March 2, 1825.

Both were crack shots. Realizing this fact, Barron said as they took their pistols in hand:

"I hope we may be better friends in a better world."

"I have never been your enemy," replied Decatur, calmly adding: "Now, I shall shoot you through the hip!"

Both fired. Both fell. Decatur's bullet had pierced Barron's hip, inflicting a dangerous but not mortal wound. Barron had shot Decatur through the abdomen. The hero of Algiers died that same night. The whole country mourned him.

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Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.

Translated By Helen Rowland.



VIRILY, my Daughter, if the greatest study of mankind be MAN, is this not also the most profitable study of woman? For she taketh to charm a man by the wrong method is as one that taketh an east-bound train for San Francisco or halleth a car on the wrong corner.

Be not deceived by a forbidding mien, nor treat a dignified man with reverence and gravity. Rather rumple up his hair and tickle his chin with a feather; call him funny nicknames and feed him pink bonbons from the end of a halpin.

For he that taketh himself seriously, taketh a woman as a relaxation, and he adareth the "cute thing" who appeareth kittenish. He preferreth being coaxed to being respected, and being "babied" to being admired. She that approacheth him with awe and reverence and intellectual topics shall bore him; but she that approacheth him with cunning nonsense and baby talk shall marry him.

Yet treat not an insignificant man lightly, nor with condescension, but address him always as "Mr." and consult his opinions as though they really mattered, lest thou wound his vanity; but a great man thou canst jolly and oke with and rail at his follies, for he knoweth his own SIZE and thou canst not belittle him.

Then be not surprised at what they marry, or that the wise show no wisdom, nor the clever any wit, nor the sane any common sense, when they choose a wife. For a man knoweth that a potato is useful, but he preferreth a rose that shall adorn his buttonhole. He knoweth the sort of woman he wanteth, but he getteth the woman who wanteth him. He sheweth no judgment when he weddeth, for by that time all judgment hath fled—else why should he marry at all? Selah!

The Day's Good Stories

Oh, Thank You!

RECENTLY an automobilist ran down and killed a hen. He was a conscientious automobilist. Instead of racing along, unmindful of the grief of the owners of that hen, he immediately stopped, got out, tenderly picked up the unfortunate fowl, and rang the doorbell of the farmhouse from the vicinity of which it had emerged.

A woman opened the door.

"I am very sorry to inform you," remarked the automobilist, "that I have unintentionally killed this hen of yours." He held the fowl up to her view. "Now, I am quite willing to pay whatever the value!"

But she checked him with this joyful exclamation:

"Oh, I'm so much obliged to you! I've been trying to catch that hen for three days to cook it for dinner, and I never could so much as lay a hand on the pesky thing. Thank you, sir, thank you!"

A Slight Misunderstanding.

THERE is a new rule in force on the Brooklyn street car lines which requires the conductor, in receiving from a passenger a coin in excess of the amount of his fare, to call out the amount due to the company. A German, unfamiliar with the rule, recently boarded a car on the system and handed the conductor a quarter. "Five out!" announced the master of the car. "Nein! Nein!" protested the German, loudly. "Nicht five!"

From Boston to Nature

By J. K. Bryans



Nurse—Come, Master Emerson, it's bedtime.

Emerson E. Emerson—Really, my esteemed nurse, should I retire with this abstruse thirteenth problem of Euclid unsolved I fear a sleepless vigil would await me!

Sign Painter (to Dauber, A. N. A.)—Hello, bo! It's great to meet up wid one of de perfwest out here in de wilds!